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BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS.

"SOPHY," said Mr Lisle, one day, to his wife, "you can't think how vexed I am about poor Williams!"

"What about Williams?" inquired Mrs Lisle.

"Why, he's such an unlucky dog. You know, in the first place, he had no sooner signed the agreement to take that shop in Dean Street, than he found out that Maxwell and Grieves had previously taken the one next door to open in the same line; and, of course, as he was a stranger, and they were well known in the town, there was a considerable chance of their carrying off all the business."

"Well, but why didn't he take care to ascertain who had taken the next shop?" said Mrs Lisle.

"It would have been better if he had, certainly," replied her husband; "but people can't think of every thing. But I was going to tell you—you know, he naturally thought that if he didn't show as good a front as Maxwell's, he'd have no chance against them at all, so that led him to spend a good deal more on his fittings-up than he had intended, and left him short of money to stock his shop; so that he was obliged to get long credits, and bought at a disadvantage. All this threw him behind from the beginning, poor fellow; and although he has been as attentive to his business as a man could be, he has never been able to bring himself up."

"Well, he should have looked about him better at first," said Mrs Lisle.

"Ah, that's always your way," answered her husband; "you never feel for any body. I'm sure a better-hearted fellow than Williams doesn't exist. Who could be kinder than both he and his wife were when little Jane was ill? They were always sending us something or another out of the shop that they thought the child would like—dates, and figs, and sugar-candy—and oranges, at a time I know they were at least half-a-crown a dozen, for I went into Maxwell's shop on purpose to ask, out of curiosity."

"It was very good-natured, I admit," answered Mrs Lisle; "but I must say I was often more sorry than obliged. The child couldn't have used half they sent had she been well, much less when she was sick. I should often have sent them back, only you said it would seem so ungrateful. That sort of thing lays one under such awkward obligations; particularly when you know people can't afford it, which I'm sure they couldn't."

"Then it was the more kind of them at any rate," replied the husband. "It's easy to give what one can spare, but real generosity consists in giving what one wants one's self."

Mrs Lisle did not feel satisfied with this position of her husband: she felt there was a fallacy about it; but not having reflected sufficiently on such subjects to be able to detect at once where the weakness lay, she was silent; whilst Mr Lisle, who on his part was perfectly sincere, thinking he had gained a legitimate advantage in the argument, pursued his discourse with more confidence.

"It often seems, really," continued he, "as if fortune delighted in persecuting those who least deserve it. I'm sure, if every body had their deserts, Williams merits success much more than Maxwell—a fellow that actually wouldn't go ten miles to see his sister, though he knew she was on her deathbed."

"Yes, that was very bad, indeed," answered Mrs Lisle. "I never could bear him after that."

"And yet every thing goes well with him that he undertakes," pursued her husband. "Those railroad shares that he bought, for example, I hear they are likely to pay fifteen per cent."

"I wish you'd had some of them," said Mrs Lisle; "you know Mr Bostock always told us they would turn out well. Maxwell would not have bought them without good advice—he's so cautious."

"But I hadn't the money, you know, Sophia," replied Mr Lisle. "I couldn't be off my word with Williams; and I had promised to lend him a few hundred pounds at Christmas, which he expected would have kept him up till he had time to get out of his difficulties."

"Instead of which he is farther in difficulties," said the wife.

"But he couldn't foresee that," replied the husband; "nobody expects luck is always to be against them."

"Well, but what's the matter with him now?" inquired Mrs Lisle. "Has any thing particular happened?"

"Why, it appears that the Liverpool house that has always furnished him with sugars has got a hint from somebody—Maxwell, perhaps, I shouldn't wonder—that he's not going on well; and they have not only stopped the supplies, but they threaten to put in an execution directly, if he don't pay them at least part of the debt, if he can't pay the whole. And what makes it so particularly unlucky is, that Mrs Williams's aunt Patty, they say, positively can't hold out above another six weeks; and if they could only contrive to keep the mill going till she pops off, her money would bring them up, and set all right. Besides, she's very proud and very stingy—that every body knows—and who can tell but she might alter her will if she found out how things are with them?"

"I shouldn't wonder if she did, indeed," replied Mrs Lisle; "for she was always against their marrying till Williams had tried how far his business was likely to answer; and she scolds and reproaches them, and asks them how they expect to keep all those children off the parish."

"Unfeeling, selfish old wretch!" said Mr Lisle.

"They certainly have a very large family for such young people," observed Mrs Lisle.

"Well, that's the worse for them in present circumstances," replied the husband. "As I said before, every thing goes against some people; and when one thing turns out ill, it seems as if it led the way for every thing else to do the same."

"But why don't he ask the Liverpool people to wait the event of Miss Patty's death?"

"So he has, but they think it's all a sham."

"Then I don't see what he's to do, I'm sure."

"Nor I, unless he could contrive to patch up any way for the next six months, till Miss Patty's off the hooks."

Mrs Lisle, at this crisis of the conversation, addressed her attention very exclusively to the stocking she was darning, and remained silent. Mr Lisle sat with his legs crossed, looking into the fire; but he saw the expression of his wife's face out of the corner of his eye. Presently, he began to beat what some people call the *devil's tattoo* with his heel.

"I don't think you like Williams, Sophia," said he, after a pause.

"I have no dislike to him," answered Mrs Lisle; "but I can't help thinking that he might have done better if he had been more prudent."

"That's just what the world always says when any body's unfortunate," answered Mr Lisle. "There's nothing so easy as finding out that people's misfortunes might have been avoided if they had acted differently to what they have. It's a very convenient doctrine, certainly, because it exonerates one from the pain of pitying them, or the duty of assisting them."

"I don't see that it prevents our pitying them," answered Mrs Lisle, "because one may blame people and pity them too."

"At all events, it absolves you from assisting them," said the husband.

"If one could do them any good by assisting them, and if one could do it without injuring one's self, there might be some sense in it," replied Mrs Lisle.

"Those are just the selfish maxims of the world, Sophia," answered Mr Lisle. "In the first place, when one assists people, it is in the hope and belief that we are doing them good. If things don't turn out according to our expectations, it isn't our fault; we have at least the consolation of having done a generous action. And as for only assisting others when we are sure the doing it will not injure ourselves, there would be very few good offices done in the world at that rate; besides, as I said before, I don't see much generosity in giving away what we don't want. However, to come to the point at once, I believe in this particular instance, so far from injuring myself, that the best thing I can do is to assist Williams. You see if he is made a bankrupt now, so far from ever being able to pay me my five hundred, I doubt whether I shall get two shillings in the pound."

"That shows how imprudent it was to lend it," remarked Mrs Lisle.

"Well, it's too late to lament that now," answered the husband. "I fancied from his own account that things were likely to go better with him than they have done. I daresay he thought so himself. However, as I was saying, I don't suppose I should get two shillings in the pound if there was a break up now; but if we can keep things going till the old girl's death, he has faithfully promised that the very day he touches the money, he will pay me my five hundred down upon the nail."

"But how are you to keep things going?" inquired Mrs Lisle.

"Just by putting my name to a bill at a twelve-month. Old Patty can't hold out a twelvemonth; we're sure of that."

"I don't know that," said Mrs Lisle.

"But the doctor knows it," replied the husband, "and told Williams so; indeed, he said it was his opinion she couldn't last six weeks."

"But suppose, Edward, she did live over the twelvemonth," said Mrs Lisle, looking up at her husband with an anxious face, "what are you to do then? Are you to go to a prison to keep Williams out of one?"

"Prison! nonsense, Sophia! You really talk as if you supposed I was a fool!" exclaimed Mr Lisle. "In the first place, if you must suppose what's impossible—that old Patty Wise is to live, which we know she can't, because we know that her disease is mortal—I have no doubt the holder of the bill, knowing his money was ultimately safe, would give me a little longer time; but even if he was churlish and would not, let the worst come to the worst, I could pay it, and the very day that Williams gets the old woman's money, he would give it me back again."

Mrs Lisle did not feel quite satisfied with this statement of the case; but she had never been in the habit of opposing her husband, and had not resolution enough to do it now to any effect; and, indeed, she had a secret misgiving that, oppose as she might in the present instance, the result would be exactly the same. Williams was a gay, pleasant companion—good-natured, liberal, hospitable, and sanguine—and by these qualities had rendered himself so agreeable to Mr Lisle, that he would have found it more difficult to refuse Williams a loan, or the use of his name,

than he would to have denied his wife some article necessary to her comfort, or his children some advantage important to their education. His arguments, too, were always so specious when she endeavoured to obtain a hearing for any of her prudential maxims, and the side he took appeared so much the most amiable, that sometimes she almost feared she might be selfish and unfeeling, as he always on these occasions asserted she was; and, at all events, as she had a real affection for him, she could not bear that he should think her so, and therefore preferred submitting, though against her judgment, to persisting, at the risk of losing his good opinion.

So Mr Lisle, acting under the influence of his good nature, and his friendly feelings towards Williams, put his name to a bill for seven hundred pounds, and Williams declared he was the best fellow in the world; and that he might rely on it, that the very moment the breath was out of old Patty Wise, he would take up the bill, and release him from the engagement. Added to this, in the fervour of his gratitude, he sent his benefactor a case of fine Curaçoa, a rich Stilton cheese, and several other luxuries—very agreeable to Mr Lisle, but such as he would not have thought himself by any means authorised, by his circumstances, to purchase for his own table; whilst Mrs Lisle received constant offerings in the shape of boxes of foreign fruits—a few pounds of very fine tea, and various other delicacies, quite beyond the line of their standard of housekeeping. Mr and Mrs Williams, too, saw a great deal of company, and the Lisles were always of the party—a great deal too much company, Mrs Lisle thought; but her husband remarked, that as they were only evening parties, and the greatest part of the refreshments were furnished from their own shop, the expense must be trifling.

In this manner, the six weeks to which Miss Patty Wise's existence was limited, had passed rapidly and pleasantly away, without any symptoms on her part to testify that she intended to conform to the decree of the physician. At the end of that period, however, she was seized one night with a sudden access of illness, declared to be dying, and Williams and his wife were sent for by her attendants. Lisle heard of it, and came home to his wife quite triumphant. "You see," he said, "what a fool I should have been if I had followed your advice. Where would my five hundred pounds have been, I should like to know! Whereas, now, I shall get the whole back, with five per cent. interest into the bargain." Mrs Lisle admitted, that, perhaps, in this particular instance her advice might not have turned out well; but still, she said, as a general rule, she thought her maxims were the best. But Mr Lisle laughed, and said that it was very easy to back out of the affair by taking your stand upon general rules, but that these general rules very rarely fitted particular instances; however, as he was pleased with the result of his own foresight and generalship, he said he would not press her too hard, but let her off easy—only he hoped that she would have more confidence in his judgment another time.

It was very provoking of Miss Patty Wise; but the obstinacy of old women on these occasions is proverbial, especially when they have any thing to leave. She did not die, but was out of bed and down in her drawing-room again at the end of a week; but Williams assured Lisle that this attack had given her such a shake, that it was impossible she could survive another. It might be that the old lady was of the same opinion, and therefore took care not to expose herself to the risk; however that was, three months more passed without any further alarm. Still, that her disease was mortal was past a doubt, and a month or two, more or less, could make no difference, provided she "hopped off," as Williams termed it, before the year was expired; and that, all the parties concerned, except herself and Mrs Lisle, felt perfectly assured she would do. Poor Sophia could not resist many qualms of uneasiness; and she frequently made her husband angry by shaking her head, and looking incredulous, when she heard these repeated prognostications of Miss Patty's speedy dissolution. Still more annoyed he was, by her occasionally proposing little retrenchments in their expenditure. She said she had altered her mind, and that she should not buy a new shawl. She thought the old one would do very well another winter: neither did she see any necessity for taking the children to sea this autumn; they were in very good health, and lodgings were so expensive. Then Mr Lisle was persuaded that he saw the remains of a cold leg of mutton upon his table much more fre-

quently than he had been accustomed to; and he never took up his knife and fork to help his wife, without feeling a vague sensation of displeasure towards Miss Patty for not dying within the limited period, as she ought to have done, and with Sophia for obstinately continuing to doubt that she would still die time enough to save him from any inconvenience. He looked upon his wife's retrenchments and distrusts as so many tacit reproaches; and he felt very sorry he had ever consulted her in the business at all, as it only gave her an opportunity of plaguing him.

Eight months of the year had elapsed, and Miss Patty, though daily declining, was still alive, when one morning Mr Lisle received a message from Williams to say he would be glad if he could step to his house for a few minutes, as he wanted to speak to him on particular business. Lisle obeyed the summons. "Where is your master?" said he to the shopboy. "Mr Williams is up stairs, sir; you'll find him in the drawing-room," replied the lad. "Well, Williams, what's the matter?" said Mr Lisle; but he stooped short; for beside Williams sat his wife bathed in tears, with an infant in her arms; and at the other end of the apartment, sat a man with his hat on the floor, whom he recognised at once for a sheriff's officer. "Oh, Lisle, my dear fellow, I am so glad you are come!" exclaimed Williams; "I was sure you would. There now, Mary, do dry your eyes, and don't cry so. You'll make yourself ill, and then the poor baby will suffer. These women always look to the worst side of every thing," continued he, leading Lisle towards the window. "The least thing upsets them, and there's no getting them to listen to reason." "But what's the matter?" reiterated Lisle. "What's that man doing here?"

"It's the most unlucky thing," replied Williams, "that ever happened. A twelvemonth ago, I gave Martina and Co. a bill for five hundred pounds—making sure that before it became due I should have touched old Patty's legacy, and have been able to take it up. But the time's expired, and my bill is returned dishonoured; and though they are literally now keeping body and soul together by administering a teaspoonful of gruel with brandy in it every quarter of an hour, yet alive she is; and, what's more, perfectly sensible, and as capable of altering her will as ever she was in her life, if she chose to do it. Now, though certainly to be carried to jail, and have an execution in one's house, would be very unpleasant, and would occasion great loss and sacrifice of my property, not to mention the discredit of the thing, yet I would submit to all the inconvenience a thousand times rather than make another application to you, who have already done so much for me. I'm sure if you had been my brother you could not have been kinder, as Mary and I often say; and there are very few men in the world who have heart enough to do as much for their own relations, much less for those who have no claim on them. But the less our claim, the greater has been your kindness, and the more grateful we are bound to be; and it is for that very reason that I am so distressed about this business. You see, if I am arrested, and old Patty hears of it—and there will be plenty glad enough to tell her—she'll alter her will as sure as my name is Williams; and then how I am ever to discharge my debt to you, I honestly confess, I don't know."

Nothing could be more certain than the imminence of this danger. Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that the only chance of saving his money was by means of Miss Patty's legacy, and he was much disposed to think with Williams, that if she once became aware of the real state of her nephew's affairs, she would take very good care that her money should not be lavished in the vain attempt to extricate him from difficulties of his own incurring. Now it was that Lisle began to feel the magnitude of his first error; that had led the way to a second; and now here was a third dilemma, much more potent and pressing than the second. He certainly could pay the seven hundred pounds, as he had told his wife, should the bill become due before the old lady's death, because, as he had no arrears of debt, and his credit was good, he trusted that his own creditors would not be importunate; but the loss of the whole twelve hundred pounds would be a ruinous blow, and would involve him in embarrassments that he could not see his way out of at all. What was to be done? He asked Williams if he had no other friend he could look to, to assist him in this exigency; but Williams assured him, very truly, that he had not, and added, that it would, moreover, be very imprudent to risk the exposure of his difficulties by making hopeless applications: there was no telling, he hinted, what might be the consequence. Mr Lisle asked a little time to consider, and to consult his wife; but Williams suggested that consulting his wife could lead to nothing but what was painful, without being of the slightest use. "Mrs Lisle couldn't advise you to sacrifice your twelve hundred pounds," said he, "though she might be very unwilling to advise you to put your name to this other little bill; so that you'd have to decide for yourself at last, and the communication would answer no purpose but to make her uneasy. Besides, one don't know, women are apt to judge by the result—perhaps she might blame you for what you've done already; and it is not always very

prudent," he added, laughing, "to put a weapon of that sort into our wives' hands—they're apt to use it rather unmercifully."

This last argument was a *coup de maître*. Mr Lisle dreaded his wife's knowing the state of affairs, and the predicament in which, contrary to her advice, his too easy good nature had placed him, beyond every thing; and that apprehension, with the almost certain loss of his money if he left Williams to his fate, determined him to risk another five hundred—risk, indeed, he hardly thought there was any—so he once more signed his name, making himself answerable for the debt in six months from the day of date.

"I'm sure, my dear fellow, I don't know how to thank you," said Williams, with tears in his eyes, as he wrung his hand. "That poor infant at its mother's breast, as well as every child I have, shall be taught to lip your name in its prayers before its father's and mother's. I hope, by and bye, when we are better off, we shall be able to make you some return for all your kindness. Do take home this box of Portugal plums with you," he added, forcing the case into Mr Lisle's hand, as they passed through the shop; "they'll be good for little Sophia's cough—they're nice softening things; and perhaps you and your wife will drop in about seven o'clock, and take a cup of tea with us. I want Mrs Lisle to taste some fine souchong I have just got down from London—very superior quality, indeed—eight shillings a pound. If she likes it, I shall beg her acceptance of a few pounds."

Mr Lisle walked slowly home, with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the ground, and with an uncomfortable something at his heart, that kept importunately whispering that all this hospitality and liberality which he had so much admired in Williams, was somehow or other practised at his own expense; and a mortifying suspicion would intrude itself, that his wife's maxims were not altogether so absurd as he had been in the habit of pronouncing them. Still, he argued, it was utterly impossible that a woman of seventy-five, who was kept alive by teaspoonfuls of gruel every quarter of an hour, could survive in that state four months longer; and he thought it would be foolish to make himself uneasy, and still more so to annoy his wife and risk a quarrel, which was likely to be the result if he communicated the affair to her—for the more he was disposed to blame himself, the less he was inclined to bear with her reproaches and lamentations—so he determined to say nothing about the matter; and as it could not make matters worse than they were, he saw no reason why they should not drink tea with Williams, and accept the tea, too, if he chose to give it them. "Certainly," as he said to himself, "nobody could have a better right to it," so they went at the hour appointed, and, after concluding a very pleasant evening with a luxurious little supper, they returned home laden with a basket full of French plums, and almonds, and raisins, and sugar-candy, for the children, and found on their parlour-table six pounds of the eight shillings souchong, which Williams had directed his shopman to put up and send during the course of the evening; and the only observable difference arising out of the transaction of the morning was, that when Mrs Lisle remarked, with a sigh, that she wished Williams would not force so many things on them, Mr Lisle, instead of launching out in praise of his friend's generosity, merely said, "Psha! what does it signify?" and, snatching up his candle, retired to bed.

We must now take a leap of several months, and we regret to be under the necessity of admitting that, to the confusion of the doctor and the astonishment of all the world, who had declared, and indeed still declared, the thing impossible, Miss Patty was yet in the land of the living. True, she was bedridden, and the apprehension of her altering her will no longer existed, for her intellects were entirely gone, and she was nearly speechless; but still she breathed, and the legacy was for the time being as unattainable as if she had been eating beef steaks and walking five miles before breakfast. It was a cold morning, about three weeks after Christmas, and Mr and Mrs Lisle were sitting at breakfast with their children, when the servant announced that "Mr Grainger wished to speak with master." "He's come for the rent, I suppose," said Mrs Lisle; "have you the money ready?" "Let him come in, Sarah," said Mr Lisle, addressing the maid. "No," he continued, in answer to his wife's question; "I can't pay it till Williams has paid me; but a few days more must settle that business."

"I wish to heaven it were settled!" exclaimed Mrs Lisle; "it keeps one in continual hot water. It is so mortifying to be obliged to send people away without their money. There was the man here yesterday that made the wardrobe; it is only nine pounds, but he said he was a young beginner, and had his bills coming in, and he hoped I would not send him away without payment, as he had given us a year's credit. I declare I could have cried when the man went out of the room—he looked so disappointed, and I felt so ashamed."

"Well, well, Sophia, it's no use grumbling now," said the husband, impatiently; "the annoyance will be over in a few days, we're sure. Dr Ramsay was called in to see Miss Wise on Thursday, and he said nothing could be done for her. All we can do is to take care never to get into such another scrape, and be glad we've got so well out of this. How are you, Grainger, this cold morning? Take a seat by the fire, and let my wife give you a cup of tea—capital stuff, I assure you—a present of Williams's," and Mr Lisle laughed. Mr Grainger laughed too. "Well, sir," said he, "I never got any thing from Williams myself, but he was liberal enough with his presents, I believe, as long as he'd any thing to give."

"He's a kind-hearted, hospitable fellow, Williams, as ever lived," said Mr Lisle, rather offended at the slight way in which Mr Grainger (a man whom he considered in an inferior way of trade to himself) spoke of his friend.

"Oh, ay, sir—I dare say he is," answered Grainger; "I've nothing to say against him myself. I've no reason—I shall lose nothing by him."

"Nor will any body else," replied Lisle, rather tartly.

"Well, sir, I'm glad to hear it, I'm sure, sir," answered

Grainger. "Things may be better than we've heard, but I'm told the debts are heavy. Mr Bostock says the creditors may make up their minds to a shilling in the pound, or thereabouts."

"What can Mr Bostock mean by making such an assertion?" exclaimed Mr Lisle, turning pale with anger and affright, whilst his wife set down the teapot she had lifted, for her nerves failed her, and she could not hold it.

"I don't think Mr Bostock would say any thing of that sort he wasn't pretty sure of," observed Mr Grainger; "but perhaps, sir, you may have better information. Howsoever, I think them's best off as have had nothing to do with him; he always went too fast for my money. But I must be moving," continued he, as he rose to place his cup and saucer on the table; "there's a great lot of timber to be sold by auction at 8— to day, at one o'clock, that's expected to go cheap, and I've no time to lose."

Mr Lisle was perfectly aware that Grainger had come for his rent; and the object of the visit was so well understood between them, that it was felt quite unnecessary to name it. In fact, the payment had already been put off once; and this was the second period appointed by Mr Lisle, who had reckoned confidently on getting his money from Williams before it arrived. It was therefore very painful to be obliged to ask a further delay; but as Miss Patty's senses were gone, and she could not alter her will now, he had intended to tell his landlord the real state of the case, and soothe him with the promise of being able to answer his demand in a few days; but the estimate Grainger appeared to have formed with respect to Williams's responsibility, made this rather a hopeless expedient. "You have called for your rent, I suppose, Mr Grainger," at length said Lisle, clearing his throat, seeing that the landlord made no move towards resuming his seat, but stood sturdily with his hat in his hand, betwixt the table and the door.

"In course, I have, sir," replied Grainger, as if he thought the question wholly superfluous. "It's a week past the time you appointed, and I want to go to 8— with the money in my hand."

"I'm really very sorry, Grainger," began Mr Lisle, whilst poor Sophia's cheeks turned crimson, and her eyes filled with tears; "but really—"

"You're not a-going to put me off again, are you?" exclaimed Grainger, in an angry tone.

"Only for a few days," said Mr Lisle. "I'm sure of money in a few days."

"So you said before," roughly answered Grainger. "Besides, sir, I want my money to go to market with, and I must have it."

"But I can't give it you, Grainger," replied Mr Lisle. "Be reasonable—a very few days, now, must see me out of my difficulties, and the moment I get the money—in short, to be plain with you, don't mention it, and I promise yours shall be the very first debt I pay; but the very moment the breath is out of old Patty Wise's body—"

"Stop, sir!" said Mr Grainger, setting his arms akimbo; "do you mean to tell me as that's all you've got to look to, to pay me my year and half's rent?"

"I've got a bond from Williams for seventeen hundred pounds, with five per cent. interest on it," replied Lisle, "to be paid on the very day he touches the old woman's legacy."

"Light the fire with it!" answered the landlord roughly; "it's all the use it'll ever be. Seventeen hundred pounds!—seventeen hundred rotten eggs! Why, don't you know that afore Miss Patty lost her intellects, when she found from Dr Ramsey that she was really going, she sent for Williams and told him, that as she knew very well that he'd bring her niece to the workhouse if she gave him any power over the money, she had taken care to tie it up so that he could never touch a shilling of it?"

"She did?" cried Mr Lisle, starting from his seat.

"To be sure she did!" answered Grainger; "and, what's more, Williams took the hint and vanished, without ever coming back here to say good bye to any body. He's across the water by this time, and there's an execution in the house; I saw the officers there just now as I came past."

We have not space, neither can it be necessary, to paint the despair of the unhappy Lisle. Not only all the money he had was gone, but more than he had, for he had been obliged to borrow five hundred pounds to answer the last bill he had given to Williams. His creditors were pressing—for his situation was soon whispered abroad, and those who would have waited patiently whilst he was prosperous, soon took the alarm when they heard of his distress—he was made a bankrupt. His poor wife was obliged to leave her comfortable house, at a time, too, that she most needed its conveniences; his eldest little girl, whom he had just placed at a respectable boarding-school, was brought home to assist her mother in taking care of the younger children; his life's labour was lost, worse than lost, for he had to begin the world again with a stigma, if not upon his honesty, certainly upon his prudence and good sense. And all this misery arose from his not perceiving that every individual in the world is bound to provide for the responsibilities he has himself incurred, before he assists others to answer theirs; from his weakly yielding to the importunities of one who had no claim on him, and whose previous want of foresight, duly considered, held out little promise for the future, without reflecting on the paramount claims, not only of his own creditors, but of the wife he had undertaken to maintain, and of the children of whose being he was the author, and for whose welfare and education, as far as in him lay, he was answerable to the Almighty; and from his not perceiving that it is dishonesty, and not liberality, to give that which we cannot afford, and which, if every one had their own, would not be ours to give; and that people's success in business does not depend upon their being good-natured or kind-hearted, but upon their conducting their affairs with steady prudence and a conscientious regard to all

their engagements—dangerous and dazzling fallacies, which have ruined many a well-intentioned man, who might have gone happily and prosperously through the world on the simple but comprehensive maxim, "BE JUST BEFORE YOU ARE GENEROUS."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON FRENCH LITERATURE.

SIXTH ARTICLE.—SPECIMENS OF THE POET MAROT.

To Clement Marot, as well on account of his comparative merits and repute, as for chronological reasons, we may not improperly give the first place in our notice of the French poets of the sixteenth century. He was born at Cahors, in Quercy, in the year 1495, and had a descent befitting a poet, his father, Jean Marot, having earned some distinction as a writer of verse, though far surpassed afterwards by the son. At the age of ten, Clement Marot was sent to Paris, where he made, he admits, but a limited proficiency in useful studies. The elder Marot seems to have found the life of a poet not a very lucrative or agreeable one, for he made strenuous endeavours to attach his son to the more productive pursuits of the law. However, the passion for the desultory life of a follower of the Muses developed itself so early in Clement, and in so marked a manner, that all thoughts of the law were given up, and we find the future bard, while still very young, installed as a page in the family of the Seigneur de Villeroi. Shortly afterwards, he was advanced to the service of Marguerite of Valois, sister of Francis I., and thus may be held to have fairly entered on that career of mingled degradation and honour which was so long the fate of poets of all lands, from Horace and Virgil, to Dunbar and Davie Lyndsay. At one moment caressed for servile adulation of the royal and noble ones to whom they had attached themselves, and at another left to die of want, or cast into prison, for some incautious complaint or bitter gibe, the rhyming race led a life, in all points of view, pitiful and unhappy, until the times came when the public at large, taught to read and enjoy literature, became the patrons and rewarders of literary merit. It is because a poor poet's sustenance depended in these bygone days on a great man's smile, that we must judge leniently of the tribe for the fulsome flatteries which they habitually poured forth.

Clement Marot was but eighteen when he was recommended to Marguerite of Valois for the poetical talents already displayed by him. Francis I. recommended Clement to the princess, having been charmed with some portions of the "Temple of Cupid," a curious allegorical poem, which he had heard read. Introduced to royal notice, Marot led thenceforth such a life of alternate sunshine and storm, as we have described to be incidental to his position. We find him, in his eighth ballad, complaining bitterly enough of the hardships and privations of his life, while in the establishment of the princess. Nevertheless, Francis gave the poet a tolerably equitable share of his countenance. Marot followed his sovereign to the wars, and fought for him manfully, from the march to Ardres in 1520 to the unlucky battle of Pavia in 1525. Here the poet was wounded and taken prisoner. Being released on the score of his unimportance, he immediately afterwards fell into a worse scrape. On a suspicion of heresy, he was apprehended and confined, first in the Châtelet at Paris, and subsequently at Chartres. He denied the charge made against him, but only procured his liberation when Francis himself was restored to his throne in 1526.

A few succeeding years passed away in comparative peace; but in 1535, the ecclesiastical powers, who had ever had a suspicious eye fixed on the free-tongued poet, seized all his books and papers, and forced him to fly to the court of Madame Renée of France, Duchess of Ferrara. Here Marot found an asylum among men of letters, all of them reformers. Still he longed for *la belle France*, and, by making a formal renunciation of Lutheranism at Lyons, was permitted again to take up his abode in his native land. Once more all was quiet with him, and might have continued so, had he not been induced to commence his famous translation of the Psalms into verses of a measure suitable for popular tunes. This attempt, made upon a principle of regret that the powers of evil should have the advantage of all the good music, failed in the same manner as the similar attempts made at various times in England and Scotland. As may be guessed, however, on a consideration of the French character, Marot's versions, unfitted as they were for serious purposes, became vastly popular, till the Sorbonne doctors, in great alarm for all things grave and solemn, called upon the king to stop the profane versifier. Their demand was complied with, and they then proceeded to lay ulterior schemes for punishing Marot. After a time, they accomplished their end. In 1545, he was compelled to fly to Geneva, whence he subsequently removed to Turin. At the latter place he died in 1544, in poor circumstances, and to the last a poet.

As a man, Clement Marot appears to have possessed many good qualities, and it is only upon conjectural evidence that he is charged with any even of the failings of his licentious court and times. Under a grave exterior he concealed a lively and salient spirit, which made him a good companion. As a poet, Marot is ranked high by the critics of his country. He greatly advanced the national versification, perfecting both its rhythm and rhymes. In point of true poetical genius, however, he cannot be assigned a very lofty place. He

could be graceful, spirited, and harmonious; had at command both tenderness and humour; but he had neither the creative grasp nor the force and elevation of a mighty poet. Ingenuity, rather than genius, is the faculty to be accorded to him. Epigrams, elegies, ballads, epistles, and rondeaux, constitute the bulk of his pieces. We give a couple of his smart epigrams to begin with, and the first of them will give some idea of the origin of the charge of heresy against Marot. A man who delighted to discharge such paper bullets against the fronts of a proud clergy, was sure, in his times, of getting into trouble.

"So like the abbé and his servant are,
That they but seem wax-models of each other;
In folly though the master may go far,
The valet still appears a younger brother.
One drinks the best, the other not the worst;
Yet disagreements twixt them here outburst.
All night the abbé rous for wine to drink,
And vows he'll perish if it be not brought;
But ah! the valet ne'er can sleep a wink
Until he gulps down all the house has got."

The next, addressed to the poet's mistress, is in another style, spirited and spicy—after the true French manner, in short. It is called *Yen and Nay*.

"A gentle, sweet, and smiling Nay
Is most delicious, let me say;
Yes, to be sure, is not amiss;
But one don't like your proffer'd kiss.
Not that I am the fool to sneer,
When granted favours held so dear;
But, granting them, I'd have you say,
'You shall not, now; I tell you, Nay.'"

"The following elegy," says M. Tissot, one of France's best living critics, "is full of elegance, and breathes a sweet sensibility. While its details are borrowed, and happily, from the ancients, it at the same time displays a delicacy of sentiment to them unknown." Vouching for the fidelity of the version, we can but hope that some of these qualities will be felt to be also preserved. The elegy is an address to a lady.

"Who could have thought such pleasure would arise,
When friendly letters came before one's eyes?
Though it has been my fortune to behold
The Golden Legend of the saints of old—
To read Alain, the noble orator,
And Lancelot, the pleasant fabulist;
Though the Romance, moreover, of the Rose
Hath met these eyes; beside Valéro, and those
Who tell what feats the antique Romans did;
Though I full many a noble book have read—
Yet, dear and ever-honour'd lady, none
Could give to me the joy your lines have done!
Gentle and sweet the language of each line,
Albeit in no wise weakly feminine;
There do I find a train of fair discourse,
With, above all, one word, which hath had force
To chase all sadness, and bid joy upstart
Within my breast—one word, which doth impart
Your leave to name you mistress of my heart!
Oh, happy I, to have a mistress found,
In whom all charms, with virtue, so abound!
Such joy hath given the letter which you wrote;
Such is the great contentment it hath brought;
Well-omen'd! I avouch the pen to be,
Which character'd that long'd-for sheet for me;
Gracious the hand which wielded it, and sent
The complete work to be my solacement;
Happy the messenger who bore the same;
But, oh! far happier he to whom it came!
And, at its coming, blest was I indeed;
And still did love and greater joy succeed,
Till, ah! one word I read, which gave command
That flames should have that treasure from my hand!

Then suddenly did all my pleasure cease.
Alas, but think how sorely rack'd my peace
Of mind then was! Th' obedience due to you
Made me destroy the lines within my view;
While the deep joy I felt to see them thine
Urged me to guard them with a miser's care.
When to the fire I forth advanced my hand,
I could not execute the dire command;
Once and again I fall'd in my assay,
But at the last I forced me to obey.
And as I did so, 'Oh, sweet lines,' cried I,
And kiss'd them, 'from this down ye cannot fly;
For better love I to obey and mourn,
Than taste delight of disobedience born.'
Thus hath what was to me fate's richest boon
Been turn'd to dust and ashes—ah, too soon!"

These are specimens of Marot's common style, and, seeing these, the reader may form a tolerable idea of what the majority of his compositions are, whether of the gay, the grave, or the satirical order. The Temple of Cupid, already adverted to, is one of the poet's most lengthened compositions, and is in irregular verse, abounding in fanciful conceits and sparkling descriptions. A writer in the *London Magazine* (vol. iv. for 1821) gives an account of this poem, with a few translations. The god Cupid, the poet there sings, commands his eyes to be unbanded one morning, to see how all goes on below, and sees a young fellow, called Marot, disposed to brave his power; whereupon he puts his hand over his shoulder, draws me out one of his best arrows from his quiver, and, borrowing for a minute the attitude of the Pythian Apollo, sends a bolt through the transgressor's heart. Much did the poet suffer in consequence, and, in a pilgrimage to seek relief, he enters the temple of Cupid, the description of which forms the main subject of the poem. All the rites of the temple—all the ministers therein—and a thousand such things, are minutely described, in a manner that may have suggested something to the author of the Fairy Queen. The shrine and image of Cupid are thus pictured—we quote from the *Magazine* mentioned—

"On Cupid's brow for e'er was set
Of roses a fair chaplet."

The which within her garden green
Were gather'd by Love's gracious queen,
And by her to her infant dear,
Sent in the spring-time of the year.
These he with right good-will did don;
And to his mother thereupon
A chariot gave, in triumph led
By turtles twelve all harness'd.
Before the altar saw I, blooming fair,
Two cypresses, embalm'd with odours rare.
And these, quoth they, are pillars that do hide
To stay this altar famed far and wide.
And then a thousand birds upon the wing
Amid those curtains green came fluttering,
Ready to sing their little songs divine.
And so I ask'd, why came they to that shrine?
And these, they said, are matins, friend, which they
In honour of Love's queen are come to say."

The saints or unseen ministers of Cupid are Grace, Fidelity, and the like, and all pilgrims wishing to be happy in love, must invoke them.

"Torches quench'd or flaming high,
That all loving pilgrims bear,
Before the saints that list their prayer,
Are posies made of rosemary.
Many a lily and carnation,
And many a gay nightingale,
Amid the green-wood's leafy shroud,
Instead of decks on branches smile,
For verse, response, and 'pistle loud,
Sit shrilling of their merry song.
The windows were of crystal clear,
On which old guests dejected sat,
Of such as with true hearts did hold
The laws by Love ordain'd of old."

Finally, Marot is enlisted under the banners of love, as a true and devoted knight, and all is righted.

In judging conclusively of the merits of any French poet, a British critic must ever take into full account the peculiar character of the poet's nation. Though great and true poetry be certainly a thing immutable—the same at all times and in all places—and though we may rightly conceive our own national poetry to approach closely to the high and proper standard, yet we should remember that the tastes of the French have ever appeared at variance with ours upon this subject, and should test their bards by their success in hitting the mark set before them by the tastes of their own nation. Judged in this way, Clement Marot must be held a poet of no mean merit. We shall afterwards find that what appear to us defects in him, are in a great measure common to the whole poetry of France.

WATERTON, THE WANDERER.

CHARLES WATERTON, Esq., of Walton Hall, in the county of York, is pretty widely known among his countrymen; and one remarkable adventure of his, in particular, rests indelibly graven on their memories. He is remembered as the first and only man who ever bestrode and rode a *cayman*, the alligator of the South American tropical rivers. Although some of this gentleman's venturesome feats have been already alluded to in the Journal, the cayman-riding exploit is one so peculiar in its nature, and so characteristic of the eccentric naturalist to whom we would now direct the particular attention of our readers, that we cannot refrain from giving the adventure here in his own words. Mr Waterton was anxious to have a specimen of a cayman in his possession, for the purposes of dissection. Assisted by a number of trembling Indians, he got a barbed bait made, which, after a time, was swallowed by an immense cayman. Our heroic wanderer urged the Indians to pull out the monster by the rope attached to the bait, and they did so in a state of unspeakable trepidation. With a mast of a canoe in his hand, Mr Waterton then placed himself on the watch, intending to thrust the instrument down the animal's throat. But he was led to change his tactics, as he himself thus narrates. "By the time the cayman was within two yards of me, I saw that he was in a state of fear and perturbation; I instantly dropped the mast, sprang up, and jumped on his back, turning half round as I vaulted, so that I gained my seat with my face in a right position. I immediately seized his fore-legs, and, by main force, twisted them on his back, so that they served me for a bridle." Thus bestridden, the brute, which was of a size to have eaten half a dozen men with the greatest ease, became very obstreperous, and lashed the sands with his tail at a furious rate. But Mr Waterton kept his seat and his bridle-hold, and roared to the men about to pull him farther on shore; which was accordingly done. "It was the first and last time," says our hero, "I was ever on a cayman's back. Should it be asked how I managed to keep my seat, I would answer—I hunted some years with Lord Darlington's fox-hounds." In fine, the cayman exhausted his strength, was mastered, and conveyed to the place desired. "There I cut his throat," says Mr Waterton, coolly and conclusively, "and after breakfast was over, commenced to his dissection."

It was the fashion among the countrymen of Mr Waterton, when his "Wanderings in South America" were first published in 1825, to laugh at the statements of the traveller, as being somewhat Gulliverian in their cast. But a more thorough acquaintance with the character of Mr Waterton has convinced the world of his being a man at once of talent and veracity, though with some oddities in his composition. In a volume of entertaining and instructive Essays on Natural History, published in 1838, he gives a prefatory account of his own parentage and history. He was born at the family-seat of Walton Hall, in York-

shire, somewhere about the year 1782. For fear of being taken for a remarkable animal, called by him a "Nondescript," and of which a portraiture is prefixed to his South American Wanderings (showing a countenance half-human half-bestial to a remarkable degree), Mr Waterton thus describes his own personal appearance:—"On looking at myself in the glass, I can see at once that my face is any thing but comely; continual exposure to the sun, and to the rains of the tropics, has furrowed it in many places, and given it a tint which neither Rowland's kalydor nor all the cosmetics on Belinda's toilette would ever be able to remove. My hair, which I wear very short, was once of a shade betwixt brown and black; it has now the appearance as though it had passed the night exposed to a November hearst. I cannot boast of any great strength of arm; but my legs, probably by much walking, and by frequently ascending trees, have acquired vast muscular power; so that, on taking a view of me from top to toe, you would say that the upper part of Tithonus has been placed upon the lower part of Ajax. Or, to speak zoologically, were I exhibited for show at a horse fair, some learned jockey would exclaim, 'He is half Rosinante, half Bucephalus!'"

Mr Waterton gives us some account of his family, which, being ever attached to the Catholic persuasion, had suffered various penalties in consequence, from the times of Henry VIII. to those of George IV. A tolerable estate, however, remained to them after all their troubles, and descended to our traveller in the due course of nature. In his youth, Mr Waterton displayed a strong turn for natural history and adventure. His passion for natural history developed itself in the way of bird-nesting, which art he pursued so inveterately, that on one occasion he was caught rising in his sleep to visit a crow's nest, and was narrowly saved from the destructive consequences of a fall from a window three storeys high. In the same schoolboy days, he well-nigh drowned himself, by attempting a solitary voyage in a tub, on a deep pond. The same propensities adhered to him during the whole course of his education, which was conducted under tutors of the family persuasion. An extract from his autobiographical memoir will show the irrepressible character of the ruling passion in his breast. "The good fathers (teachers at Mr Weld's Roman Catholic College of Stonyhurst) were aware of my predominant propensity. Though it was innocent in itself, nevertheless it was productive of harm in its consequences, by causing me to break the college rules, and thus to give bad example to the community at large. Wherefore, with a magnanimity and excellent exercise of judgment, which are only the province of those who have acquired a consummate knowledge of human nature, and who know how to turn to advantage the extraordinary dispositions of those intrusted to their care, they sagaciously managed matters in such a way as to enable me to ride my hobby to a certain extent, and still at the same time to prevent me from giving bad example. As the establishment was very large, and as it contained an abundance of prog, the Hanoverian rat, which fattens so well on English food, and which always contrives to thrust its nose into every man's house where there is any thing to be got, swarmed throughout the vast extent of this antiquated mansion. The abilities which I showed in curtailing the career of this voracious intruder did not fail to bring me into considerable notice. The cook, the baker, the gardener, and my friend old Bowen, could all bear testimony to my progress in this line. By a mutual understanding, I was considered rat-catcher to the establishment, and also fox-taker, fountart-killer, and cross-bow-charger, at the time when the young rooks were fledged. Moreover, I fulfilled the duties of organ-blower and football-maker, with entire satisfaction to the public. I was now at the height of my ambition. I followed up my calling with great success. The vermin disappeared by the dozen; the books were moderately well thumbed; and, according to my notion of things, all went on perfectly right."

The vermin disappeared! Mr Waterton, then, had pursued his calling in a conscientious manner. He probably had not the same talent for ingenious device which was possessed by a boy of like tastes, the son of a living baronet of the northern county of Elgin. This youth made an arrangement with his father for killing the rats of the castle at the rate of a penny per tail; and, to entitle him to his reward, the tails were expected to be regularly produced. The trade went on very well for a while, and the revenue derived from it by our youth was found very convenient; but at length the rat population was a good deal reduced, and there was reason to fear that, if the slaughter proceeded much longer at the same rate, there would be an end of his occupation. What was a gentleman with a vested interest in rats to do in these circumstances? To take off the tails, and allow the rats to escape and continue the breed! This accordingly was done, and not till some ill-willing butler or valet let out the secret, was the productiveness of the business in the least diminished. Offices, of course, were made for men, not men for offices.

On leaving college, Mr Waterton was sent to Spain for a year or two. Driven away from that country by a virulent epidemic, he returned to England, where his peculiar scientific likings gained him the friendship of Sir Joseph Banks. In 1804, he again left Britain for Demerara, where his family had estates. The rich

treasures of natural history to be found in that quarter made him repeat his visit several times during the subsequent twenty years, having been advised never to spend more than three years in these climes at a time. The "Wanderings," published in 1825, tell the story of the traveller during the greater part of that time. They show him to be not only a man of surprising courage and coolness, but also an accomplished scholar and naturalist. Mr Waterton, indeed, seems to have been a man born for a life of adventure—such a one as, in suitable circumstances, would have been a great geographical discoverer—a Park or a Parry. Such adventures as the following, into which he fearlessly thrust himself, to the horror of all around him, are to be found in every second or third page of his diary:—"While we were wending our way up the river [one of the South American tropical streams], an accident happened of a somewhat singular nature. There was a large labarri snake coiled up in a bush which was close to us. I fired at it, and wounded it so severely that it could not escape. Being wishful to dissect it, I reached over into the bush, with the intention to seize it by the throat, and convey it aboard. The Spaniard at the tiller, on seeing this, took the alarm, and immediately put his helm a-port. This forced the vessel's head to the stream, and I was left hanging to the bush with the snake close to me, not having been able to recover my balance as the vessel veered from the land. I kept firm hold of the branch to which I was clinging, and was three times overhead in the water below, presenting an easy prey to any alligator that might have been on the look-out for a meal. Luckily, a man who was standing near the pilot, on seeing what had happened, rushed to the helm, seized hold of it, and put it hard a-starboard, in time to bring the head of the vessel back again. As they were pulling me up, I saw that the snake was evidently too far gone to do mischief; and so I laid hold of it, and brought it aboard with me, to the horror and surprise of the crew. It measured eight feet in length. As soon as I had got a change of clothes, I killed it, and made a dissection of the head."

Since the publication of his Wanderings, Mr Waterton has resided chiefly on his estate, but he has not been idle the while, the volume of essays already alluded to, many of which were contributed at intervals to Loudon's Magazine, being a strong proof in themselves of his continued attention to the interests of science. The liberality of modern legislation has rendered his religious faith, to the grievances consequent upon which he certainly alludes with somewhat unnecessary bitterness in his memoir, a matter of no annoyance; and we trust that he finds Walton Hall a pleasant haven of rest, in all respects, after his many wanderings. A specimen of the little essays contained in his last volume we now subjoin, as a conclusion to this notice. They are productions which may be compared, in point of interest, with the lucubrations of Gilbert White of Selborne.

"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling. I know not any thing, except Gay's 'Hare and many Friends,' that made so much impression on me, when a boy, as Sterne's description of the captive starling in its cage. His attempt to relieve the prisoner bird—its pressing its breast against the wires—its telling every body who came down the passage that it could not get out—its remaining in hopeless captivity—all tended to make this pretty bird particularly interesting to me; and, in days long past, I have spent many an hour in listening to its morning warblings, and in admiring its aerial evolutions towards the close of day.

I wish I could do it a friendly turn for the pleasure it has so often afforded me; but, in taking up the pen to clear its character, my heart misgives me, on account of the strong public prejudice against it.

There is not a bird in all Great Britain more harmless than the starling; still it has to suffer persecution, and is too often doomed to see its numbers thinned by the hand of wantonness or error. The farmer complains that it sucks his pigeon's eggs; and, when the gunner and his assembled party wish to try their new percussion-locks, the keeper is ordered to close the holes of entrance into the dovecot over-night, and the next morning three or four dozen of starlings are captured to be shot; while the keeper, that slave of Nimrod, receives thanks, and often a boon, from the surrounding sportsmen, for having freed the dovecot from such a pest. Alas! these poor starlings had merely resorted to it for shelter and protection, and were in no way responsible for the fragments of eggshells which were strewn upon the floor. These fragments were the work of deep designing knaves, and not of the harmless starling.

The rat and the weasel were the real destroyers, but they had done the deed of mischief in the dark, unseen and unsuspected; while the stranger starlings were taken, condemned, and executed, for having been found in a place built for other tenants of a more profitable description.

After the closest examination of the form and economy of the starling, you will be at a loss to produce any proof of its being an egg-sucker. If it really sucks the eggs of pigeons, it would equally suck the eggs of other birds; and, those eggs not being concealed in the dark recesses of the pigeon-cot, but exposed in open nests on the ground, and often in the leafless bushes of the hedge, this fact would afford to the inquisitive naturalist innumerable opportunities of detecting the bird in its depredations. Now, who has ever seen the

starling in the absolute act of plundering a nest! It builds its nest here, in company with the ringdove, the robin, the greenfinch, the wagtail, the jackdaw, the chaffinch, and the owl, but it never touches their eggs. Indeed, if it were in the habit of annoying its immediate neighbours, upon so tender a point as that of sucking their eggs, there would soon be a hue and cry against it; nor would the uproar cease until the victor had driven away the vanquished. So certain am I that the starling never sucks the eggs of other birds, that, when I see him approach the dove-cot, I often say to him, 'Go in, poor bird, and take thy rest in peace. Not a servant of mine shall surprise thee or hurt a feather of thy head. Thou dost not come for eggs, but for protection; and this most freely I will give to thee. I will be thy friend in spite of all the world has said against thee; and here, at least, thou shalt find a place of safety for thyself and little ones. Thy innocence and usefulness demand this at my hands.'

The starling is gregarious; and I am satisfied in my own mind that the congregated masses of this bird are only dissolved at the vernal equinox, because they have not sufficient opportunities afforded them of places wherein to build their nests. If those opportunities were offered them, we should see them breeding here in multitudes as numerous as the rook. They require a place for their nest, well protected from the external air. The inside of the roof of a house, a deep hole in a tower, or in the decayed trunk or branch of a tree, are places admirably adapted for the incubation of the starling; and he will always resort to them, provided he be unmolested. The same may be said of the jackdaw.

Attentive observation led me to believe that the great bulk of starlings left our neighbourhood in the spring, solely for want of proper accommodation for their nests. For many years, two pairs of starlings only remained on my island. One of them regularly built its nest in the roof of the house, having found entrance through a neglected aperture, the other reared its young, high up, in the deep hole of an aged sycamore tree. Two or three pairs frequented the dove-cot, but I observed that they built their nests in the cranies, and not in the holes made for the pigeons. These poor birds, together with the owl, had to suffer persecution from wanton ignorant servants, until I proclaimed perpetual peace in their favour, and ordered, I may say, the Temple of Janus to be shut, never more to be opened during my time.

Having been successful in establishing the owl in the old ivy tower over the gateway, I conjectured, from what I had observed of the habits of the starling, that I could be equally successful in persuading a greater number of these pretty lively birds to pass the summer with me. I made twenty-four holes in the old ruin; and in the spring of this year I had twenty-four starlings' nests. There seemed to be a good deal of squabbling about the possession of the holes; till at last might overcame right. The congregated numbers suddenly disappeared, no doubt with the intention of finding breeding quarters elsewhere; and the remaining four-and-twenty pairs hatched and reared their young; causing, I fear, the barn-owls, their next-door neighbours in the tower, many a sleepless day, by their unwelcome and incessant chattering.

On the one hand, when we consider how careful the starling is in selecting a place for its incubation sheltered from the storm; and, on the other, when we look around us and see how many old houses have been pulled down where these birds found a refuge, and when we reflect how modern luxury, and the still more baneful turf, have forced many a country squire to fell his aged oaks, his ash-trees, and his sycamores, which afforded the starling a retreat, it will not require the eyes of Argus to enable naturalists to discern the true cause why such numbers of assembled starlings take their leave of us in early spring.

This year, seven pairs of jackdaws, twenty-four pairs of starlings, four pairs of ringdoves, the barn-owl, the blackbird, the robin, the redstart, the house-sparrow, and the chaffinch, have had their nests in the old ivy tower. The barn-owl has had two broods, and while I am writing this, there are half-fledged young ones in the nest. As far as I can learn, there has been no plunderings of the eggs of this community on the part of the starlings.

Now that autumn has set in, the movements of this delightful assemblage of birds already warn us to prepare for winter's chilling blasts. The redstart is gone to Africa; the chaffinch has retired to the hawthorn hedges; the ringdoves, having lost half of their notes by the first week in October, became mute about ten days ago, and have left the ivy tower to join their congregated associates, which now chiefly feed in the turnip fields, and will return no more to the ivy tower until the middle of February. The jackdaws are here morning and evening, and often at noon; and at night-fall they never fail to join the passing flocks of rooks in their evening flight to their eastern roosting-place at Nostell Priory, and return with them after day-break. The starlings retire to a dense plantation of spruce-fir and beech trees, and in the morning come to the ivy tower to warble their wild notes, even when the frosts set in. These birds are now in their winter garb, which they assumed at the autumnal equinox, much duller, and of a more greyish-white appearance, than that which they had in the summer. I cannot find that naturalists have noticed this change.

The starling seems to be well aware of the peaceful

and inoffensive manners of the windhover. This hawk rears its young in a crow's old nest, within two hundred yards of the ivy tower. Still, the starlings betray no fears when the windhover passes to and fro; but they become terribly agitated on the approach of the sparrow-hawk. I often see this bold destroyer glide in lowly flight across the lake, and strike a starling and carry it off, amid the shrieks and uproar of the inhabitants of the tower and sycamore trees.

The starling shall always have a friend in me. I admire it for its fine shape and lovely plumage; I protect it for its wild and varied song; and I defend it for its innocence."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

HEALTH OF LARGE TOWNS.

A FACT connected with the health of the inhabitants of large towns was lately brought under our attention by a medical gentleman of Lincoln. It appears from the records of the dispensary of this city, that intermittent fever, a form of disease supposed to arise from the miasma of putrescent vegetation, has been for some years regularly decreasing, the amount of cases in 1832 being 27, and those of the year just concluded 3. At the same time, continued fever and typhus, those forms of disease which seem to be peculiar to dense populations, and are supposed to have their origin in the effluvia of animal sodas, have been increasing; the cases of continued fever having advanced steadily from 95 in 1832 to 240 in 1840, while those of typhus, unreckoned till 1836, were in that year 8, but have since reached 130. It would hence appear that, while the drainage of the country is improving the public health in one particular, the want of proper (town) drainage, of pure air, and perhaps more remotely of sufficient nourishing aliment, is deteriorating it in another. The above facts are the first I have seen, tending to show a tendency in great English seats of population to the same state of disease which now marks the greater towns of Scotland.

IRREGULAR ATTENDANCE AT SCHOOL.

Much harm ensues from irregular attendance at school. Education is a process consisting of a long succession of small efforts, and when this succession is broken for any length of time, retrogression is the necessary consequence. Parents do not give this subject sufficient consideration; otherwise, they would generally be more anxious than they appear to be, to keep their children uninterruptedly at school. Many, on removing at the beginning of summer to country lodgings, scruple not to take their young people away from school, thinking that, as the vacation comes on in August at any rate, it is no great harm to remove them a month or two earlier; whereas, the fact is that a vacation of two months is itself a great evil, calling for being restricted rather than increased. Very bad weather, very good weather, great prosperity, or great adversity, all form excuses for irregular attendance at school. To quote a circular recently issued from the High School of Glasgow—"In all the classes this irregularity is productive of injury to the parties leaving, as well as to those remaining; but the evil is seriously aggravated, where the instruction is in regular courses, as in classics, mathematics, French, English grammar, geography, and history. The pupil withdrawn in May, finds, on his return in September or October, that his class-fellows are far in advance of him—that he has lost an essential portion of a valuable course—and that he is consequently exposed to great disadvantages, not only in the subsequent session, but probably during the whole of his education." We would respectfully add our word of admonition, and call upon parents seriously to consider the great disadvantages directly flowing from irregular school attendance, before they, on any occasion, allow of their children being withdrawn, however temporarily, from their classes.

BROBIGNAGIAN HOUSE-FURNITURE.

Some years ago it was the fashion to make all kinds of house-furniture of a large size, as if designed for the use of a race of giants. Beds were made five feet across, and so high from the ground, that you required the accommodation of a ladder to get out of or into them; as for the bed-posts, each rivalled a weaver's beam in thickness. Sofas were monstrous things, with capacious backs and arms, and could with difficulty be moved from their appointed situation. The chairs were on the same extravagant scale—each calculated for a person of at least fourteen stone weight. The tables were a forest of mahogany, and the top surface so elevated, that to little men they were almost breast-high: so many a one, their height was seriously dis-

comfortable, especially when knives and forks were in requisition. Talking of knives and forks, reminds us that these and other instruments of the table were likewise larger than necessity demanded; as for the spoons, what mouths they were designed for we never could comprehend. To carry the farce as far as it would go, the bell-pulls were ropes of coloured worsted, at least an inch in thickness, with tassels almost as large as a child's head, and a rosette at the top the size of a dinner plate; that these huge ropes might have tolled a market bell, there can be no manner of doubt.

What, it may be asked, was the meaning of all this! Nothing but a vulgar tone of taste, introduced by nobody knows who, and which, instead of being checked or diverted into something better by cabinetmakers and upholsterers, was encouraged by them, each seeming anxious to outvie the other in putting plenty of material into the article of his manufacture. Latterly, taste in house-furnishing has been in a mending kind of way, and there has been a healthy return to chaste and simple designs. Beds are somewhat lowered, chairs are again light and handleable, sideboards have shown a disposition to shrink in length and general bulk, and we have seen bell-pulls not absolute ropes. But we still stand greatly in need of spoon reform, and should wish to see tables diminish in breadth as well as in their length of legs. The subject is worth the notice of public arbiters of taste.

MADEIRA, ILLUSTRATED BY ANDREW PICKEN.

MR PICKEN is the eldest son of the late author of the *Dominie's Legacy*, and some other admired collections of tales. He had, by dint of talent and industry, risen to the summit of his profession as a lithographic draughtsman in London, when the state of his health obliged him to seek the mild air of Madeira. There, after regaining some strength, he was tempted by the beautiful scenery of the island to resume the use of his pencil; and the result is the work above-named—one of the most splendid in its particular line which has ever issued from the British press. It is a large thin folio, containing eight views of the principal scenes in the island, accompanied by letter-press descriptions, the composition of Dr James Macaulay. Mr Picken came home last year to publish this magnificent work; but we regret to learn that he found it necessary, a few weeks ago, to return, his health having again shown symptoms of giving way. The beauty of his book is such as must make every lover of art wish most earnestly that he may recover, and that speedily.

Madeira, as is well known, is an island of volcanic origin, and composed of a range of high and precipitous mountains, with beautiful patches of low ground placed here and there. It is in the sun-exposed recesses of bays towards the south, that the genial climate is found, so restorative of exhausted English constitutions. Funchal, the principal town, lies in one of these, and appears, from three drawings of Mr Picken, to be a most picturesque and lovely place. Most of the other drawings present to us inland and shore scenes, in which the most savage grandeur and the softest beauty are strangely blended. Cliffs two thousand feet in sheer descent seem to be by no means rare.

The features of the island, apart from scenery, are Portuguese, with a slight difference. When the visitant lands at Funchal, he finds the beach "crowded with boats, boatmen, oxen, sledges, mules, wine-casks, bales of goods, and a mass of other objects, animate and inanimate." * * The strange costume of the natives; the narrow streets, paved with round small stones from the beach; the absence of all wheeled carriages; the sledges drawn by oxen, in which goods are conveyed; the small number of shops; the absence of windows in most of these, the goods being ranged at the wide door-way; the peculiar aspect of the houses, the ground floor of which, being laid out in store-rooms, has the windows iron-barred, and without glass, while a balcony projects from the second floor; a passing palanquin or hammock; the burroqueros or horse-boys, with their island ponies for hire; palm-trees, and bananas, and other strange trees, appearing over the garden walls of the houses; the black caps and gowns of the clergy; the white jackets, straw hats, and white boots of the merchants; the sonorous jingling of the bells of the oxen-carts, and the horrid cry of the drivers—these, and many other novel sights and sounds, amuse and occupy the traveller, as he walks from the custom-house to his destined place of habitation."

The people, about 100,000 in number, are a fine race. The men are tall and athletic, very polite, sober, and inoffensive. The English permanent residents, about 300 in number, and the visitants, who are usually not just so numerous, meet the upper classes of the natives at balls and other public assemblies, besides having such meetings occasionally among themselves. "In the Portuguese balls there are various

peculiarities that strike a stranger; the state of matters at the beginning of the evening's entertainment may serve as a specimen. As the parties arrive, they are met at the door by the young gentlemen of the house, or other friends selected for the purpose of receiving the company, who usher them through the apartments into the presence of the lady of the house; and, after much ceremony and formality of salutation, the ladies of the party are conducted by the ushers to seats ranged around the wall, alongside of others who have been deposited in a similar fashion. The gentlemen of the party then move into the centre of the room, where they form an ever-increasing group standing at a distance from the surrounding seats. This formal division continues in a great measure till the music commences, the first note of which seems to exorcise the evil of stiffness; a general attack is then made upon the female lines, by this time probably two or three deep around the walls; the separation of the sexes is speedily broken up, and the usual routine of quadrilles, gallopes, waltzes, &c., succeed. The Portuguese are most indefatigable dancers, and the balls are kept up with spirit till far on in the morning. One thing connected with these evening parties is characteristic of the place—the mode of conveyance by palanquins. For instance, in leaving early in the morning, the court of the house, the outer gate, and the street in front, are found crowded with palanquins; with carriers and torch-bearers thronging around, some of them lying on the ground asleep, some sitting in groups on the steps gambling, some singing, and others gathered round the narrator of some tale or gossip; altogether presenting a scene of confusion and bustle that reminds one strongly of the scenes described by the novelists of last century, concerning the crowds of link-boys and chairmen of London, at the places of public entertainment. There was formerly a theatre, but the building was taken down some years ago; there is now a small house fitted up in the Franciscan convent, chiefly for private performances. Funchal has its library and reading-rooms, and three *praças*, or public walks. An attempt has, within the last few years, been made to encourage horse-racing, but the project has not met with great support. Those who hope to find here the usual public amusements of the great European capitals, will assuredly consider a winter in Madeira a season of most stupid and monotonous dullness. Enough of gaiety and temptation there is, however, to give full exercise to the virtues of self-denial and prudence on the part of the invalid, and all whose wisdom it is to live quietly, and without excitement.

Pic-nic parties to scenes of remarkable beauty are common, the means of conveyance being chiefly hammocks and palanquins. Weather of the serenest beauty may be depended on, and the pleasures of various seasons are united. "Merely by ascending the mountains, the utmost variety of temperature can be experienced, and in a few hours one can ascend from summer, though spring or autumn, to sternest winter, on the snow-capped summits of the mountains. It is to the eye that in our own climate the vicissitudes of the seasons bring most delight; for who, in respect to spring, for instance, would not prefer to witness the bursting forth of fresh verdure, and all the delightful changes by which the earth starts into new life and gladness, without the luxury being checked by the shilling sensations, and all the ungenial accompaniments of that season in England? Here, however, those who choose not to go out of their sheltered retreat on the shores of the Bay of Funchal, may look up from unfading tropical vegetation, and from a climate of most genial warmth, and behold the shooting of new foliage, the renovation of verdure, and all the appearance of spring, upon the heights above the city. And so in the declining months of the year, while on the coast the summer foliage is yet unaltered, and the influence of the sun little diminished, the upper parts of the landscape present the variegated tints and the fading foliage of autumn. In no other part of the earth is there made so near an approach to that fancied perfection of climate which poets love to delineate. All the gorgeous descriptions given by the ancients of the Isles of the Blessed seem here hardly exaggerated; and 'Hesperian fables, if true, are true here only.' What Horace says of his delightful retreat at the villa of Tiber, might be aptly applied to Madeira, and in reference to it is a piece of plain unvarnished description:

• This happy isle, in my fond eyes,
Outrivals all else beneath the skies;
Where groves with honey flow,
That not to thine, Hymettus, yields;
And rich as on Hesperian fields,
Fruits of all flavours grow.

Whose lands, with fairest vintage crown'd,
E'en to Falerian fields renew'd
May well no envy bear;
Where orange bowers and myrtle shade,
And beauteous flowers that never fade,
A year-long splendour wear;

Where all the seasons link'd together,
By sunny skies and cloudless weather,
Make one long summer day;
And nature o'er its favour'd shores
The best of every treasure pours,
That other lands display.

Add to all this that there is a freshness and balminess in the air of the island which render the mere act of breathing a source of pleasure unnoticed in less happy climates. On the very hottest days, the ocean-borne

breezes prevent any thing like sultriness or oppression from being experienced. The air is such as to give a springing buoyancy to the frame, and a luxurious flow to the spirits; you feel as if you were charged with nitrous oxide, the laughing-gas of the chemist. For the feeble invalid, the air on the high grounds is too strong, too exciting; but for those who can stand the exercise and bear the exposure safely, nothing could be conceived more intensely pleasant than riding amidst such scenery, under such a sky, and in such a climate. It is a picturesque and stirring spectacle also to witness a large cavalcade, with the light dresses of the riders, and the strange costume of the train of native attendants; now clattering with merry tramp over the resounding paved roads; now winding slowly along some steep and narrow path among the mountains; now careering at full charge over the upland heaths and serras. All this is but the physical part of the pleasure of these expeditions. Add the various elements of mental joyousness felt by such a party—elements which fancy will suggest better than any description—and then will be formed a faint idea of the pleasures of pic-nics in Madeira.

After describing the various tracts of fine scenery in the centre and east part of the island, Dr Macaulay gives us an account of a very remarkable scene in the west and less visited part. "At the head of a deep and narrow ravine, which forms the commencement of the valley of the Ribeiro di Janella, there rises a perfectly perpendicular cliff, not less than 1000 feet in height. This gigantic rock is in the form of a segment of a circle, the diameter of which is not more than 500 feet. An abundant supply of the most crystalline water ever flows from this cliff, partly in the form of innumerable streams issuing from fissures over the whole face of the rock, pouring and dripping down through the mosses and mountain shrubs by which the surface is every where clothed. This water used to fall into an abyss at the bottom, whence it flowed along, unemployed and useless, through the ravine and valley of the Janella to the Atlantic. It was observed, however, by the natives, that if part of the water could be intercepted in its descent, and conducted by art from the course in which nature directed it, it would become of infinite utility for the purposes of irrigation. Who first had the boldness to conceive the actual execution of this project, we regret to say, is not recorded. It appears to have been attempted at an early period of the history of the island, as there are at one place the remains of some work of which no tradition has come down to us. In 1823, Senhor Antonio Manuel de Nerouha, governor of the island, brought forward the importance of the project of making use of the waters. It was not, however, till 1836 that the work was commenced, in consequence of the strong representations of Senhor Mousinho de Silveira Albuquerque, then governor. The present governor, the Baron de Lordello, with his usual attention to the welfare of the province, has done all in his power to expedite the undertaking. Of the extraordinary merit and ability of the engineer under whose direction the work was planned, Capitão Vicente de Paula Teixeira, a native of the island, even those who have not visited Rabacal must form the highest opinion, from a simple description of the place.

The height of the cliff, we have stated, is 1000 feet. About 300 feet from the base, a horizontal channel has been cut in the face of the rock, sloping downwards and inwards, so that the water from above is interrupted in its descent, and falls into this hollow. The excavation extends round the face of the cliff for about 600 feet, presenting the appearance of a vaulted gallery; the roof formed by the solid rock supported here and there by natural or artificial pillars. The water flows along this channel, and then is to be conducted by an open channel, or levada, for a distance of six miles. Here another great part of the undertaking is in progress. A tunnel, which will be 150 fathoms long, is being cut through the crest of a mountain; by which means the waters of the rock of Rabacal will be conveyed from the north to the south side of the island, and will spread cultivation and fertility over extensive districts hitherto either entirely waste, or yielding a poor and precarious produce from the absence of irrigation.

In commencing this great work, the operations were of an extremely difficult and dangerous character. It was impossible to reach the part of the face of the cliff where the channel was projected, by any means except by ropes suspended from the summit. Down this dreadful depth of 700 feet, with 300 feet of the precipice still below them, the workmen were lowered, fastened to a little frame of wood at the end of the rope, and bearing instruments for boring and blasting the rock. When a mass of rock had been loosened by the handspike, or a train had been laid for blasting, it was necessary for the operator to get out of the reach of danger by forcing himself off from the cliff with his feet, and by means of the swing which the length of the rope permitted, to make for some tree or projecting point; where, securing himself till the explosion was over, he then returned to his labour. The workmen, moreover, were continually drenched by the streams of icy cold water falling upon them, so that they had to be frequently relieved on account of their becoming benumbed with cold. It is gratifying to add, that notwithstanding the extreme peril of these operations (compared with which the samphire-gathering of Shakespeare's cliff, or the bird-hunting still pursued on the precipices of St Kilda, might be

described as occupations of little danger), only one fatal accident occurred in the whole undertaking."

Amongst the drawing-room books of the year, we know of none entitled to take precedence of "Madeira, illustrated by Andrew Picken."

ANECDOTE TOLD BY THE LATE DR MACINTOSH.

THOSE who remember the fund of humour possessed by the late Dr John Macintosh of Edinburgh, so eminent for his professional knowledge, will alone be able to conceive the charm which he threw around such anecdotes as the following, introduced by him in rich profusion, both into his private conversation and into his medical lectures to his pupils. In the latter case, he always contrived to make them illustrate and enforce some point of practical interest to his hearers.

Speaking of the amount of physical pain which man is capable of enduring, and of instances of constancy under such trials, Dr Macintosh used to say that one case had come under his own notice, which seemed to him scarcely to have a parallel in all the annals of "Greek and Roman fame." Dr Macintosh had served with our armies abroad, in the capacity of regimental surgeon, or assistant surgeon. "We chanced on one occasion (said he) to be stationed in country quarters, at a place affording considerable opportunities for our enjoyment of the sports of the field. These opportunities were not let slip. All the officers of our regiment contrived to furnish themselves with horses, and away we set to the fields, to rouse up the fox, wild boar, or any thing that came in our way, being perfectly regardless what the chase was, provided we had but the exercise and the excitement. The officers 'of ours' were all English, with the exception of a young ensign and myself, who were Scotsmen. Hence my story.

We had not been long in the field, ere some prospect of game caused us to put our steeds to their mettle. They were awkward brutes, and perhaps we, being of a foot corps, were awkward, or, at least, not freshly-practised riders. However this may be, it so happened that my young countryman, to whom I have alluded, got a serious tumble. It took place in sight of the whole party, and, as he was very generally liked, they came to a pause almost to a man, and crowded round him. I was soon at the spot with the rest. From the appearance of the sufferer, and his involuntary movements and writhings, it was plain, not only to my own practised eye, but to every one present, that his shoulder was dislocated. 'Here is the doctor!' cried a dozen voices; 'take off his coat!' I, myself, without thinking for a moment of being refused, also begged him to allow me to assist him in getting his coat off. To the surprise of all of us, he drew back, and said firmly, 'No! there is nothing the matter. I will have it looked to afterwards, but not now. It is but a bruise at most.' The position of the injured limb, sticking out angularly from the side, and the depression above, convinced myself that this was nonsense, and that a dislocation downwards into the arm-pit had been the consequence of the fall upon the shoulder. Even the others saw, and were persuaded of this fact; and the involuntary writhings of the sufferer, with the large drops of perspiration upon his brow, confirmed every one in their conviction. 'My dear fellow,' was the general and kindly cry, 'the thing will grow worse and worse, and your pain will be doubled by delay.' I, also, as became my place, was earnest in my intreaty that he should allow me to undress and examine the arm. He thanked us for our kindness, but his answer was still 'No;!' and our reiterated intreaties could not move him one whit from his resolve.

We were naturally all surprised, and greatly surprised, by this conduct. But there seemed no help for it, and the rest of the officers slowly betook themselves to their horses, in order to resume their route. I, the most astonished man of the whole, as being the best assured of what had taken place, was the last to turn to my steed. I had not mounted, and had just wheeled round to cast a last glance at my countryman, when a peculiar look and motion of his hand caught my attention. I stopped, allowed the rest to ride away, and then walked up to him.

'Now,' said he, 'I will allow you to look at my arm. You are my countryman; these are all English; and I have an eruptive affection on my arm which I would not betray to any one but a countryman. You know how vile our beds have been for three or four nights. In consequence of sleeping in them, it strikes me, I have received an affection which appeared yesterday on my arm, and which has spread so rapidly, that I have not yet had time to speak to you. I was about to do so, however, this very evening. You know the paltry scandal against our country about eruptions of this kind. Our messmates—good fellows as they are—might have pitied and sympathised with me just now, but we should have had no end to their jocularities. No, no! I would go with my arm dangling by my side all my days, ere the honour of old Scotland should be tarnished in me!'

I could not help admiring the noble young fellow, fantastical in some respects as his conduct and notions here may have been. All the while, too, he was suffering a degree of torture with which few bodily pains are comparable—the torture of a violently dislocated joint. However, I wasted no time in words, but immediately set about attempting his relief, for

the perspiration was still pouring from his brow. Unfortunately, assistance was out of the question in the case; we were alone. Nevertheless, I contrived to strip him, and directed him to lay himself down upon the ground on his back. At length he did so. I then laid myself down by his side the reverse way, and, placing my foot in the arm-pit of the dislocated limb, I took hold of his hand. One pull and a firm push restored the limb to its place. He was afterwards able to walk home with me in comfort, and his cutaneous affection, a simple matter, was easily cured, freeing him from all risk of what he thought a disgraceful exposure in that way for the time coming."

Such was the doctor's story. Would that many more of the good ones which he told were preserved also, and in an abler way!

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

POPULAR FANCIES OF THE PACIFIC ISLANDERS.

The various intelligent missionaries who have visited the islands of the Pacific Ocean, and who have naturally had their special attention called to the subject, have described this quarter of the world as the scene of numberless remarkable superstitions. The most extraordinary of all is one which was long common to the whole of the northern groups of the Pacific, and is believed to have been prevalent also in some of the southern isles. This was the Areoi institution, the origin and characteristic features of which are strange, wild, and barbarous in the extreme. The antiquity of this institution is not now to be ascertained with correctness, but, according to the evidence of those among whom it flourished, it was of very old date. Its commencement is thus described in their traditions.* The first principle of all things, known among the islanders by the name of Taaroa, had a son named Oro, who became anxious to have one of the daughters of mankind to wife. He accordingly sent two of his brothers, Tufarapainuu and Tufarapairai, to seek out a suitable mate for him. After much search, they discovered a damsel, named Vairaumati, who lived on the "red-ridged mountain" of Mouata-huhura, and who seemed to them a person every way calculated to be a fitting spouse to Oro. "This is the excellent woman for our brother," said they, and they announced their success to him. Oro put out a rainbow into the heavens, making one end touch the red-ridged mountain, and slid down it, as on a smooth pathway, to the abode of Vairaumati. She pleased him, and became his wife.

Every evening afterwards, the rainbow appeared in the skies, and Oro passed along it to visit his spouse. She bore him a son, who became a great ruler among men. It chanced, however, that Urutetefa and Orotetefa, two beings resident in heaven, but not perfect gods, being created by Taaroa in the form of full-grown men, noticed the frequent visits of Oro to earth, and, sliding down the rainbow after him, they soon perceived their half-brother and his wife on the red-ridged mountain. Ashamed to offer their salutations to Oro and Vairaumati without a present, one of them converted himself into a pig and a bunch of *uru*, or red feathers, which the other presented to the wedded pair as a gift of congratulation. It was graciously accepted, and the transformed celestial resumed his own form, the pig and feathers, nevertheless, remaining the same. Such a mark of kindly attention seemed to Oro to merit some reward, and he made the two visitors *Areoi*, saying to them, "Be you two *Areoi* in this world." It may here be observed in passing, that, in commemoration of the present of the pig, the *Areoi* in future days carried a pig to their temples on every festival occasion, and, having strangled it, placed it on the altar. They also made an offering of the *uru*, or red feathers, which they called the "shadowy *uru* of the *Areoi*."

The two primary *Areoi*, Urutetefa and Orotetefa, lived in celibacy, and had no descendants. From this circumstance arose one of the most remarkable features of the institution which, according to tradition, they founded. Celibacy was not enjoined upon the *Areoi* body, but they were prohibited from having offspring. Hence arose the inexpressibly barbarous custom of *infanticide*, which, either in pursuance of the *Areoi* regulations, or from the influence of custom operating on society in general, has continued, almost up to the present hour, to be the darkest blot in the history of the South Sea islanders. In establishing the *Areoi*, Oro, it is said, made his two proteges take in human colleagues from most of the Society islands, and those adjoining them, Tahiti (or Otahete, as we love to call it in remembrance of Cook) being one of the chief original seats of the association.

To describe perfectly what the *Areoi* were at first,

and what objects they had in view, is a thing not now possible. We know what they became—a set of strolling vagabonds, half priests, half buffoons, who spent the greater part of their days in travelling from place to place—from island to island—taxing the population, performing abominable rites, exhibiting disgusting pantomimes, and spreading a moral contagion wherever they went. Though themselves rite-performers, they usually ridiculed the less impure and more harmless religion of the ordinary islanders. Mr Ellis, in his *Polynesian Researches*, thus describes the pilgrimages of the *Areoi* bands:—

"Great preparation was necessary before the *marere*, or company, set out. Numbers of pigs were killed, and presented to Oro; large quantities of plantains and bananas, with other fruits, were also offered upon his altars. Several weeks were necessary to complete the preliminary ceremonies. The concluding parts of these consisted in erecting on board their canoes two temporary *marae*, or temples, for the worship of Orotetefa and his brother, the titular deities of the society. This was merely a symbol of the presence of the gods, and consisted principally in a stone for each, from Oro's *marae*, and a few red feathers from the inside of the sacred image. Into these symbols the gods were supposed to enter when the priest pronounced a short *utu*, or prayer, immediately before the sailing of the fleet. The numbers connected with this fraternity, and the magnitude of some of their expeditions, will appear from the fact of Cook's witnessing on one occasion, in Huahine, the departure of seventy canoes filled with *Areoi*."

On landing at the place of destination, they proceeded to the residence of the king, or chief, and presented their *marotai*, or present; a similar offering was also sent to the temple and to the gods, as an acknowledgment for the preservation they had experienced at sea. If they remained in the neighbourhood, preparations were made for their dances and other performances.

On public occasions, their appearance was, in some respects, such as it is not proper to describe. Their bodies were painted with charcoal, and their faces, especially, stained with the *mati*, or scarlet dye. Sometimes they wore a girdle of the yellow ti leaves, which in appearance resembled the feather girdles of the Peruvians, or other South American tribes. At other times, they wore a vest of ripe yellow plantain leaves, and ornamented their heads with wreaths of the bright yellow and scarlet leaves of the *hut*, or *Baringtonia*; but, in general, their appearance was far more repulsive than when they wore these partial coverings.

Upaupa was the name of many of their exhibitions. In performing these, they sometimes sat in a circle on the ground, and recited, in concert, a legend or song in honour of their gods, or some distinguished *Areoi*. The leader of the party stood in the centre, and introduced the recitation with a sort of prologue, when, with a number of fantastic movements and attitudes, those that sat around began their song in a low and measured tone and voice, which increased as they proceeded, till it became vociferous and unintelligibly rapid. It was also accompanied by movements of the arms and hands, in exact keeping with the tones of the voice, until they were wrought to the highest pitch of excitement. This they continued until, becoming breathless and exhausted, they were obliged to suspend the performance.

Their public entertainments frequently consisted in delivering speeches, accompanied by every variety of gesture and action; and their representations, on these occasions, assumed something of the histrionic character. The priests and others were fearfully ridiculed in these performances, in which allusion was ludicrously made to public events. In the *taupiti*, or *oro*, they sometimes engaged in wrestling, but never in boxing; that would have been considered too degrading for them. Dancing, however, appears to have been their favourite and most frequent performance. In this they were always led by the manager, or chief. Their bodies, blackened with charcoal and stained with *mati*, rendered the exhibition of their persons on these occasions most disgusting. They often maintained their dance through the greater part of the night, accompanied by their voices and the music of the flute and the drum. These amusements frequently continued for a number of days and nights successively at the same place. The *upaupa* was then *hut*, or closed, and they journeyed to the next district, or principal chieftain's abode, where the same train of dances, wrestlings, and pantomimic exhibitions, was repeated.

Several other gods were supposed to preside over the *upaupa*, as well as the two brothers who were the guardian deities of the *Areoi*. The gods of these diversions, according to the ideas of the people, were monsters in vice, and of course patronised every evil practice perpetrated during such seasons of public festivity.

Substantial, spacious, and sometimes highly ornamented houses, were erected in several districts throughout most of the islands, principally for their accommodation and the exhibition of their performances. The house erected for this purpose, which we saw at *Tiaapepua*, was one of the best in *Eimeo*. Sometimes they performed in their canoes, as they approached the shore, especially if they had the king of the island, or any principal chief, on board their fleet. When one of these companies thus advanced

towards the land, with their streamers floating in the wind, their drums and flutes sounding, and the *Areoi*, attended by their chief, who acted as their prompter, appeared on a stage erected for the purpose, with their wild distortions of person, antic gestures, painted bodies, and vociferated songs, mingling with the sound of the drum and the flute, the dashing of the sea, and the rolling and breaking of the surf on the adjacent reef—the whole must have presented a ludicrous imposing spectacle, accompanied with a confusion of sight and sound, of which it is not very easy to form an adequate idea.

The above were the principal occupations of the *Areoi*; and in the constant repetition of these often obscene exhibitions, they passed their lives, strolling from the habitation of one chief to that of another, or sailing among the different islands of the group."

This strange and most heathenish association was divided into seven regular classes and ranks, of which the visible distinction consisted in varieties of tattooing. Celibacy not being imperative, the *Areoi* bands consisted of persons of both sexes. There was also, in addition to the seven classes, an eighth class, corresponding to the lay-brothers and lay-sisters of conventual institutions, by the members of which the food of the *Areoi* was prepared and their drudgery done. These people were not compelled to destroy their offspring, as the fully initiated were necessitated to do.

It is extraordinary, that the *Areoi*, though openly practising every species of degrading vice, were held in the highest repute throughout the Pacific isles, being regarded as privileged beings, inspired by the gods to adopt the *Areoi* life. The greater his apparent derangement and contempt of all propriety, the more esteemed was the *Areoi*, and any one desirous of entering the brotherhood proved his title to admission by first exhibiting himself in the character of a lunatic. Afterwards, he served a novitiate, by waiting as a servant on the principal *Areoi*. If he pleased them in this position, he was inaugurated with various solemn rites, and directed, as the grand proof of his having become an *Areoi* in heart and soul, to murder his children! Undoubtedly, the display of resolution and mental strength necessary for the perpetration of this act, formed one of the main sources of the popular awe with which the *Areoi* were regarded. The ordinary savages of the Pacific were not without natural feelings, and to the majority of them such an act seemed to take the perpetrator out of the pale of humanity. In their ignorance, they thought it raised him above humanity; more enlightened minds see in it a degradation below humanity's level. Having proved his claim to retain the place given to him in the association, in the fearful manner mentioned, other ceremonies, such as the tattooing, then took place, and festive rites were celebrated; after which, the new member took his regular place in the initial grade of the constituted *Areoi*.

Many of the ceremonies, if they may be so called, of the *Areoi*, are described by Mr Ellis as too revolting for description. They seem to have racked their invention to discover the most degrading practices of which man can be guilty, and to have habitually striven to outdo each other in the perpetration of them. On this subject it would be improper to dwell. They had many ceremonies, also, at the death of an *Areoi*. The body lay in state for a time, and the spirit was supposed to be removed to a place called *Rohutu manoa* (literally, perfumed Rohutu), resembling the paradise of the Mahometans and the *elysium* of the Greeks. It was supposed to be an enchanting country, where all the sensual pleasures most valued on earth were to be enjoyed in a heightened shape. Kings on earth were to be kings there, and every *Areoi* to be installed in the rank he held when alive. In short, it was such an *elysium* as we may conceive the members of this inhuman association to have looked forward to with delight.

It is impossible to describe the amount of revolting murders—murders of the young and innocent—which this barbarous superstition gave rise to. According to the most accurate computations, two-thirds of the children born in the Society Isles were murdered by their parents, in the first years of the discovery of these isles by Europeans, and such had been the state of things for a very long period. The custom, as already hinted, had spread from the *Areoi* body to the ordinary population of the islands. It had become a prevalent opinion that such sacrifices were commendable, and acceptable to the gods. In Williams's *Narrative of Missionary Enterprises*, we are told that a Christian pastor was called to visit the dying wife of a chief. "Oh my children, my murdered children!" cried the remorse-stricken woman; "I am about to die, and I shall meet them all at the judgment-seat." The missionary attempted to soothe her, and asked how many children she had sacrificed. To his horror, the poor wretch replied, "Sixteen!" The crime, in truth, was frightfully common, and its victims countless.

The *Areoi* association, deeply rooted and widely spread as it was, declined before the humanising influence of Christianity, and with it decayed the custom of infanticide. A happy change, in this respect, has taken place in the Pacific isles, and the superstition now described will soon be, it is to be hoped, entirely a matter of tradition.

In a succeeding article, we shall present an account of other superstitions and idolatrous practices of the islanders of the Pacific Ocean.

* The subjoined account of the *Areoi* is chiefly derived from the details furnished by an intelligent native prince, Mahine, King of Huahine, to English missionaries.

JEAN AND MARIE.

A SIMPLE story of real life was told a few days ago to the audience in the Correctional Police Court of Paris. In a little village in the environs of Tours, on the smiling banks of the Loire, lived two old women, whose circumstances and history greatly resembled those of two prominent personages in the tale of Paul and Virginia. One of the females was the widow of an officer, and was possessed of a cottage, with a small pension for her maintenance. The other was the widow of a soldier, and gained her bread by the labour of her hands. One daughter constituted the whole family of the officer's widow; one son was all the remaining offspring of the soldier's relict. The differences of rank did not prevent these children from being brought up together, and regarding each other as equals. They were indeed constant companions in childhood, and, when they became of age to mingle among the young people at the village fêtes, Jean, who was three years the elder, was always the cavalier and protector of Marie. The consequence of all this was simple and natural; they loved each other, with all the warmth of their unsophisticated hearts.

It did not appear that the mother of Marie had ever anticipated any such consequences from the intercourse of the two young people. The truth came out, however. Jean had just reached the age of twenty, when he came one day to the mother of Marie, and frankly sought the hand of the latter in marriage. The good lady was somewhat astonished. "My good lad," said she at length, "you must not dream of such a thing. Why, you have nothing." "I have my hands, and a stout heart," answered Jean. "That is not enough," said the mother, "you must have money. You must not think of marrying Marie unless you can gather at least twelve hundred francs." "Twelve hundred francs!" cried Jean, to whom this sum (about £50 of English money) appeared enormous; "how shall I ever be able to raise twelve hundred francs?" "I am sorry for it," said the other, "but you cannot have Marie without something."

Not long afterwards, the simple pair of lovers might have been seen together, crying heartily over the maternal decision. "Listen," said Jean at length to his mistress; "we must part." "Part!" cried Marie. "Yes, we must part for a time," answered Jean, "to meet again for ever. Paris is not very far hence; there is plenty of money to be got there by industry and activity. I shall soon gain twelve hundred francs." Marie spared no pains to combat this resolve. She was as little skilled as her lover in the ways of the world, but her feminine tenderness led her to fear the dangers and difficulties which might assail Jean when in a great city, and far from her. However, Jean was firm, for the mighty prize of Marie's hand lured him onwards. After many touching adieus, the lovers parted. Jean found his way to the capital, and his first step when there was to consult some old friends from his own village. By the aid of these parties he got a situation as valet in a respectable family, at a salary of six hundred francs a year.

But Jean, active enough at all country occupations, was totally ignorant of the nice duties of a Parisian valet, and those into whose hands he had fallen were not good-natured enough to make allowance at first for his awkwardness. His blunders caused his dismissal at once. He got another place, but the same evil fortune befell him again, and finally he found himself out of place altogether. Soon afterwards, he was reduced to his last penny. He became ill, and, in a state of starvation, was compelled one day to ask charity of some of the passengers on the streets. Not long was he allowed to pursue this occupation. The police noticed him at once, and he was carried to the house of correction, on the double charge of mendacity and vagabondage.

After twenty-five days of incarceration, Jean was brought again before his judges, to whom, with tears in his eyes, the simple youth related the whole story of his loves, hopes, and disappointments. M. Maudoux, who was officially charged with the defence of the poor rustic lad, and who had spoken with him in private, offered some observations in his favour, and then produced a letter from Marie. It was in answer to one which Jean had written at the commencement of his imprisonment, detailing his misfortunes. Marie wrote thus:—"My friend Jean, I have wept much since receiving thy letter. I always feared that misfortune would befall thee on quitting our village; but it was for our good that you went. Why have they put thee in prison—thou who art so good a lad! But I have good news to tell thee, my dear Jean. My mother is now willing that I should be thy wife. I send 36 francs which I have saved, all from my own work. It was intended for buying a marriage-dress for the wedding of Simon and Josephine; they are to be married in fifteen days, and I am to be one of the bride's maids. I said to myself, also, that this dress would serve for our own wedding. But, never mind, Josephine will take me with my Sunday's dress, and we shall be married well enough as we are. With this money, my dear Jean, you will be able to return quickly to the country. My mother is going to publish the banns for us. Thy little wife, Marie."

"You see, gentlemen," said the advocate, on concluding the letter, "that poor Marie has no doubt but that her betrothed will immediately be restored to her. Can you disappoint her for all that this poor lad has been guilty of? Jean waits only your decision to

quit Paris immediately, and return to his native place, to the side of his mother and his bride. To acquit him is to sign his marriage-contract." The happy Jean was at once set at liberty, and departed to join his Marie.

NEW VERSES FOR THE QUEEN'S ANTHEM.

[The following verses for the Queen's Anthem were written for the sixty-sixth anniversary (1838) of the Society of the Sons of St George, by Joseph Hill, Esq., secretary of the society. The Sons of St George are a patriotic band of Englishmen settled in Philadelphia, who meet annually on the 23d of April, to keep alive their recollections of their native country. The verses appear to us to have much merit, and, with a little change upon the last, to suit our own country, would form a good substitute for the obsolete defiance of the Pope and Pretender, which we still stupidly continue to sing.]

God save fair England's Queen,
Long live our noble Queen—
God save the Queen!
Far as her laws extend,
Thy choicest blessings send,
For which our prayers ascend—
God save the Queen!

On her still youthful head
Richly thy mercies shed—
God save the Queen!
Mould all her thoughts aright,
Let mercy temper might,
And England bless the sight
Of our great Queen!

So may she wield her trust,
That men may hail her just—
God save the Queen!
And all the nations see,
Worthy she is to be
Queen of the great and free—
God save the Queen!

May England's future page
Make hers the Golden Age—
God save the Queen!
Be it Victoria's praise
To dim, by brighter rays,
Great Bess's splendid days—
God save the Queen!

These prayers we offer thee,
Far o'er the boundless sea—
God save the Queen!
Peace!—with her influence bland—
This, and our native land—
Unite with heart and hand—
God save the Queen!

MENTAL EPIDEMICS.

Every reflecting individual must agree in the following observations in a late number of the *Dublin Review*—

"There is no question at all that the police reports of suicides and murders, emblazoned as they are by all the art of the writers, produce a most demoralising effect upon society. Those writers are generally paid in proportion to the quantity of matter which they produce, usually a penny for each line. It is very natural that they should make their accounts as long as possible, and that they should rather exaggerate than diminish every feature belonging to each case, which might render it more acceptable to the vitiated taste of the day. The admission of their articles for insertion depends often on the graphic style in which they are composed, and it cannot be denied that they frequently display much talent in this kind of composition. But this is one of the characteristics which render these reports most pregnant with mischief to public morals. Who can doubt that the suicide and the murderer, in addition to the direct crimes which they perpetrate, incur a further guilt by the evil example which they give to society? If this be true, it follows that those who by the publication of those crimes widen the sphere of the influence which those examples exercise, must share, and share very largely too, in the moral guilt which is contracted by the original criminals. The publication, too, for the sake of gain, augments that guilt; and when to the first features of the crime others are added by way of embellishment, and for the purpose of attracting to them the attention of the public, we should ill perform our duty if we did not declare here our decided opinion, that all such publishers and writers are, in the contemplation of every religious and moral law, deep partakers of every crime to which the reports they write and circulate may give rise. If the example of crime, actually attended with capital punishment, produces evil consequences, will not the relation of criminal deeds, unattended by punishment, and often escaping from it by the cunning contrivances of the perpetrators, be still more opposed to the progress of order and morality? The question, in our judgment, admits of no argument. The results are plain, and on the very surface of the subject. It has not, we are willing to believe, received from the conductors of the respectable public journals in this country the consideration it deserves; and we know of no adequate remedy for the suppression of the evil, except the enactment of a law which shall treat the voluntary reporters and publishers of all such crimes as abettors of them in every sense of the word. They are abettors of them. They are the confederates in guilt of the suicide and the murderer, in every case which results from their publication of those deeds; and from this position no sophistry can relieve them."

[In corroboration of these opinions, it may be stated that the extraordinary publicity given to the details of the murder of her husband by Madame Lafarge, has since caused in France a number of murders, or attempts at murder, by the same mode of poisoning.]

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

The sleep of the vegetable differs in one respect from that of the animal, that it is not caused by exhausted powers; but when light, which acts as a stimulus, is withdrawn, then the stalks of compound leaves hang back and fold their leaflets together, or the leaves droop over the flowers, or cover the fruits so as to shelter them from the cold dews. This was termed by Linnaeus the sleep of plants, and said by him to be analogous to the action of spreading the wing, by which some birds shelter their young during night. It is generally thought that Linnaeus's term is somewhat hyperbolic; but that the cessation of the stimulus of light, and the constrained position of the flower and foliage may be advantageous to the vegetable constitution in a way similar to that in which it is beneficial to the animal system. Sir James Smith remarks, that as the infant requires a fuller measure of sleep than is needed by the man, so the young plant is more thoroughly closed during the night than the older one.—*Flowers and their Associations.*

CONSUMPTION OF ANIMAL FOOD IN LONDON.

Of the quantity of cattle disposed of in Smithfield Market, the numbers are ascertained to amount to 156,000 beasts, 21,000 calves, 1,500,000 sheep, and 29,000 pigs. This does not, however, by any means, form the total consumed in London, as large quantities of meat in carcasses, particularly pork, are daily brought from the counties round the metropolis. The total value of cattle sold in Smithfield annually is calculated at £8,250,000. The quantity of poultry annually consumed in London is supposed to cost between £70,000 and £80,000; that of the game depends on the plentifulness of the season. There is nothing, however, more surprising than the sale of rabbits; one salesman in Leadenhall Market, during a considerable portion of the year, is said to have sold 14,000 rabbits weekly. It is supposed that a million a-year is expended on fruits and vegetables. The consumption of wheat amounts to a million of quarters annually: of this four-fifths are supposed to be made into bread, being a consumption of sixty-four millions of quarters leaves every year, in the metropolis alone. The annual consumption of butter in London amounts to about 11,000, and that of cheese to 13,000 tons. The money paid annually for milk is supposed to amount to nearly £1,250,000.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST.

Dr Ford, the Rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humourist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known, from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brookby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmarston Toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the Amen chorus always at the Cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was at times not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of his pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, "Here they come; here come the red-coats; they know their Christian duties; there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea." The doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the "Messiah" with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear you sing." "Then," said the doctor, "you have that into the bargain."—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

AN HONEST CALLAN.

It too frequently happens that young men who board with their parents fall behind with their board wages, and compound with their mothers, to the no small injury of the family stock. As an illustration of this, the following dialogue took place between a young man and his mother. "Noo, Willie, thou kens brawly, that since the last time that thee an' me counted, tu's awn me fifteen shillings, an' I'm needin' the noo, to mak up the price o' the cow." Willie, who knew his mother's weak side—and what young man does not!—replied, "Deed, mither, ye're gaun to wrang yersel', for I'm awn you noughten;" so saying, he slid quietly out of the apartment. "Is na he really an honest callan, our Willie?" quo' the indulgent mother; "though he dinna pay, he aye counts fair."—*Laird of Logan.*